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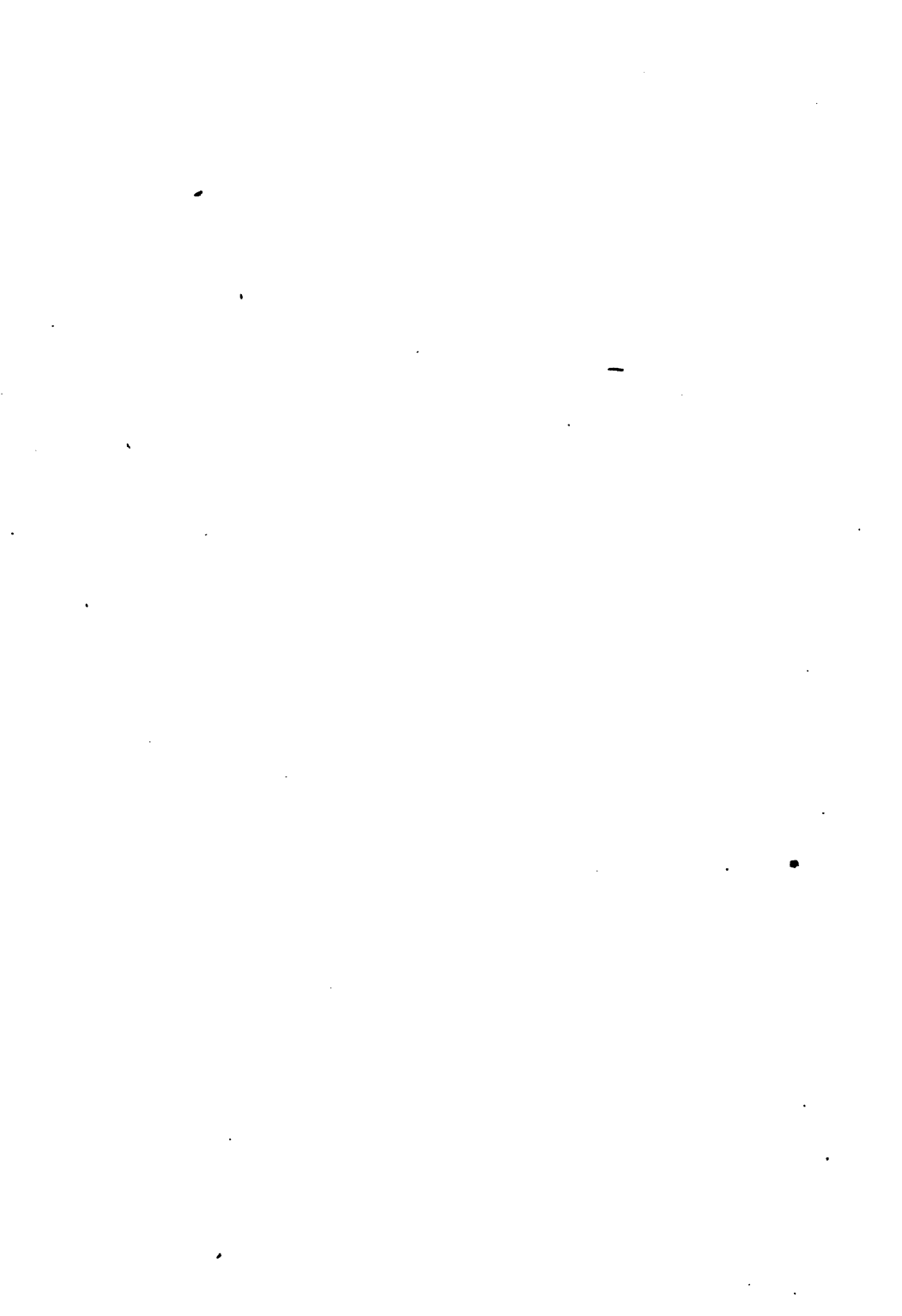
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An Operatic
Burlesque

Star Theatre

Buffalo, N. Y.

April, 1895





FRILBY

AN OPERATIC BURLESQUE

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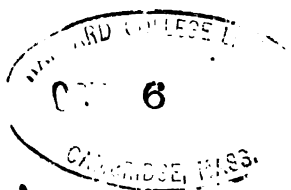
FREDERIC ALMY A.B. *Harvard 1850*
WALTER CARY A.B. *Harvard 1879*
JOHN B. OLMSTED A.B. *Harvard 1876*
CARLETON SPRAGUE A.B. *Harvard 1881*

THE ORIGINAL MUSIC BY

MINOTT E. ROBINSON

1895
BUFFALO
PRINTED PRIVATELY

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FREDERIC ALMY

WALTER CARY

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CAST.

TRILBY.....	MR. CHARLTON B. BIDWELL
MRS. O'FERRALL, Trilby's Mother.....	MR. FREDERICK TRUSCOTT
SWEET ALICE.....	MR. J. R. WILLIAMSON
TAFFY.....	MR. S. G. CORNELL
THE LAIRD.....	DR. PETER C. CORNELL
LITTLE BILLEE.....	MR. E. C. RUMRILL
SVENGALI.....	MR. E. J. COLEMAN
GECKO.....	MR. H. V. BURNS
DODOR.....	MR. WILLIAM G. MEADOWS
ZOUZOU.....	MR. WILLIAM S. ALLEN
ALICE'S FATHER.....	MR. E. A. WALLACE
FRIENDS OF ALICE.....	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; vertical-align: middle; margin-right: 5px;">{</div> <div> MR. EDWARD C. DIETRICH MR. R. O. RIESTER MR. GEORGE SWEET </div> </div>

CHORUS.

GRISSETTES.—Roger Cook Adams, Marshall Clinton, Laurence Allen, Jesse C. Dann, William H. Davis, John S. Embleton, Marvin Gorham, Nathaniel Gorham, Allen Gardner, J. H. Ince, Harold G. Meadows, Augustus Underhill.

BLANCHISSEUSES.—Clarence W. Cady, Nathaniel P. Hall, Edward B. Holmes, Hiram Powers, Charles M. Ransom, R. C. Scatcherd, H. I. Tanner, C. B. Williams, Samuel S. Wolffsohn.

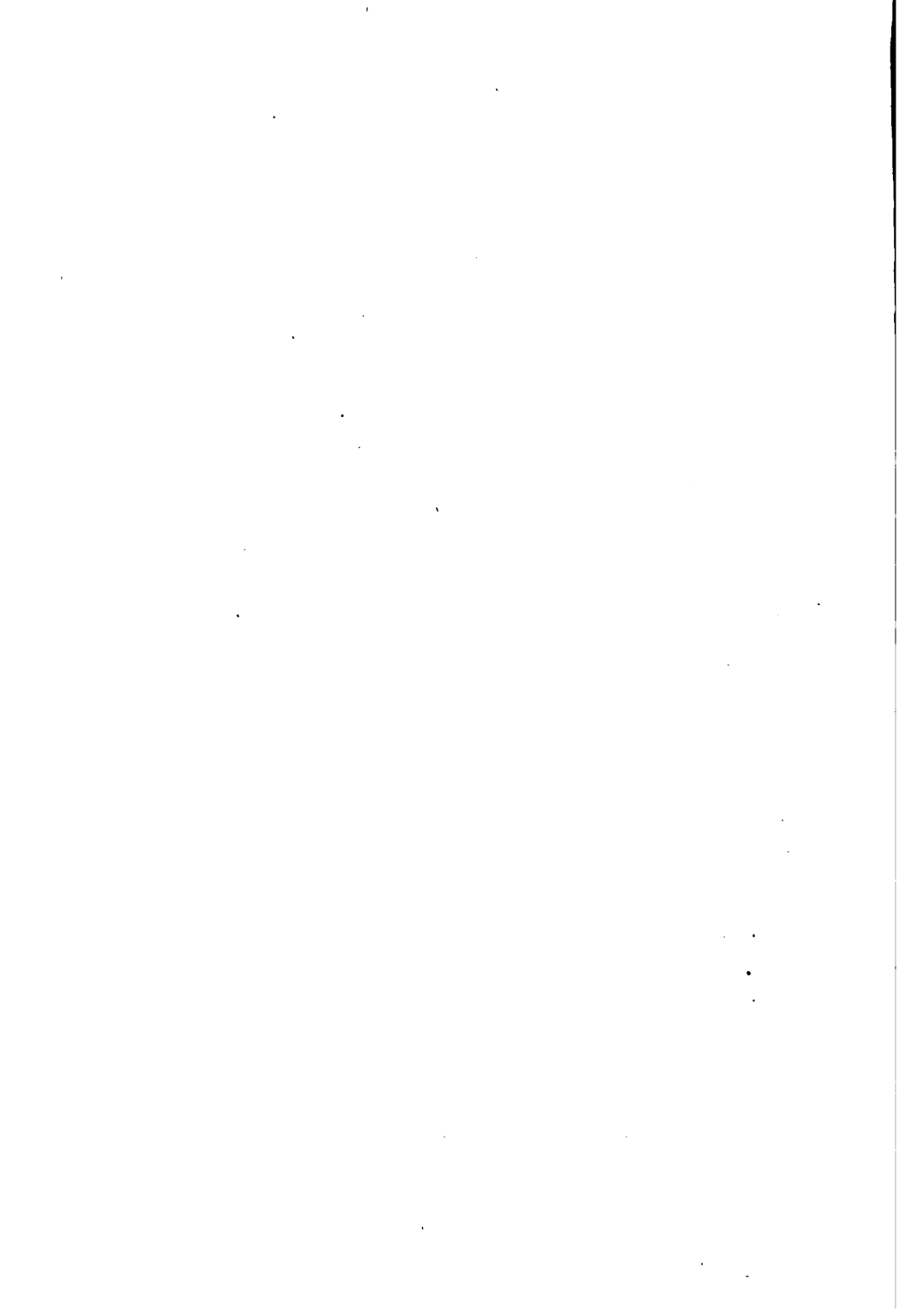
STUDENTS.—Richard M. Cushman, W. Harry Glenny, J. A. Hamilton, R. L. Kirtland, William Knapp, J. W. Olmsted, George Tilden, George Volger, N. Howard Winslow, Charles C. Wood.

ZOUAVES.—William Daniels, George W. Derrick, Arthur J. Horan, George P. Keating, Clifford Nichols, Carlton Perrine, E. A. Pierrepont, G. T. Trowbridge.

CORPS DE BALLET.—*Première Danseuse*, J. H. Ince; *Coryphées*, Clarence W. Cady, John S. Embleton, Allen Gardner, Nathaniel Gorham.

SPIRITS.—Laurence O. Allen, Marshall Clinton, Jesse C. Dann, W. Harry Glenny, Marvin Gorham, Nathaniel P. Hall, Harold G. Meadows, Carlton Perrine, Hiram Powers, Augustus Underhill.

PROMPTER.—Mr. W. D. Perrine.



FRILBY.

ACT I.

SCENE—ARTIST STUDIO IN PARIS.

OPENING CHORUS.—*Air*: "Ever be Happy," from "The Enchantress."

Trilby O'Ferrall, we wish you success. Hail to the debutante !
All the "Four Hundred" are with you, we guess. Trilby the
debutante !

You are a star, that's what you are ! Like Billee we love you
with love we can't express, oh,
Trilby O'Ferrall, go ask your papa ! Trilby, dear, do say yes.

That man is Taffy, he's strong as you see. This is The Laird
of course.

There, at his easel, is Little Billee, painting with all his force.
Artists all three ; and so are we ; excepting the girls, who are
what they call grisettes, oh,

They, too, are jolly as they can be. That's gospel truth,
you bet !

We are the Chorus, we do it for fun. We don't get a single
cent.

We sing for the glory, and not for the "mun." (That's very
evident !)

So give your applause (you ought to because we appear for a
very worthy charitee), oh,

To Trilby O'Ferrall, the fair debutante to Trilby and Sven-
ga-lee !

TAFFY. I am Taffy, as you can plainly see ;
 I'm as large as a man can conveniently be.
 By means of constant exercise
 My muscles have reached their present size.
 I paint a little, and my Chesterfieldian demeanor
 Is an exact reproduction of that of *Harry Leymon.*
 I wear these whiskers on either side,
 Partly for ornament, partly through pride.
 And I've noticed that as they grow constantly longer,
 In physical strength I each day grow stronger.
 In lightness of step and graces airy,
 You'll see a strong likeness to *Dr. Carey.*
 In fact, all the youth my stature ape,
 I'll turn slowly round and show you my shape !

(Turns lightly round.)

I like it, don't you? And here you see
 My friend The Laird, and Little Billee.

THE LAIRD. In Scotland and books men like me you find,
 Not much to look at but big in mind.
 As the show goes on I play the saint,
 And Toreadors I also paint.
 I am fond of Taffy, and Little Billee
 I love like the whole of my family !
 My clothes are not of the latest fashion,
 In fact I declare that my only passion
 Is to live and paint here at my ease,
 Attended by two good friends like these.
 I'll turn around and show you my style,
 The sight of my back makes some people smile !

(Turns lightly round.) & shows waistcoat

I hope we shall get the gift in Heaven *without back*
 To see our backs as others see 'em ! *laced together*
with string.

BILLEE. I'm small, but if you could see my heart
 You would find it as big as a four-wheeled cart.
 At the sight of a girl there's a throb and jar
 Like the jolt of a starting trolley car.

And the bigger the girl, the bigger the throb,
Till my feelings resolve in a single sob !
I'm intense—I paint, I write, I talk,
I flirt with the buds, with them I walk.
I hunt with hounds from the seat of a carriage,
I dramas make, and I dream of marriage.
I'm everything almost, and nothing quite,
To look at I'm something of a sight.
In fact I'm really quite a swell,
And whom I resemble I leave you to tell !
Oh, Taffy and Sandy, for you and me
There's no place on earth like "cher Paree" !
Let's all turn around the pain to hide
I feel is attacking my left-hand side.

(All turn around arm in arm.)

Then leave me now, *mes amis chers*,
I think I'm getting a bright idea !

(Air: "Somebody Loves Me.")

BILLEE. A pure young man, without any stain,
Free from all wickedness and all guile,
On whom a cuss-word inflicts great pain,
In fact a young man quite out of style.
In fact a young man quite out of style,
Never was young man from sin so free,
And this young man, kind friends, is me,
Never was young man from sin so free,
And this young man is me ! .

Chorus.

Never was young man from sin so free,
And this young man, kind friends, is me,
His morals though perfect as can be,
His grammar is weak. Ah me !

A naked eye always grieves me sore ;
Bare statements I can never endure ;
French of this quarter I'll speak no more,
Because they tell me it is not pure !
Because they tell me it is not pure !
Think of a youth from sin so free,
Placed in this wicked " veel de Paree !"
Never was young man from sin so free,
And this young man is me !—*Chorus.*

(*Enter SVENGALI, and after him, cringing and hanging on to his coat-tails, enter GECKO.*)

(*Air : " The Bowery."*)

SVENGALI. I'm Svengali, the Musical Jew,
Where I was born, oh, I never knew,
My father's name is likewise dim—
How could I, therefore, be fond of him ?
A musical mother practiced on me
A *slipper-y* symphony over her knee—
You bet it didn't *seem funny* to me.
Oh, I was a prodigy !

Chorus.

Svengali, Svengali,
Er knows all tricks of a Taugenichts,
Svengali, Svengali,
Oh, he was a prodigy !

GECKO. She played a tune that he did not like—
He knew the chord before she could strike.
The "Anvil Chorus" she tried for a spell—
Donnerwetter, how he did yell !
He wiggled around, but it was no go,
The music was written *fortissimo*,
So he took his part like a Von Bellow,
Oh, he was a prodigy !—*Chorus.*

SVENGALI. I'm Svengali, the Musical Jew,
The greatest pianist the world ever knew,
I learned to play before I could walk,
Sang "Songs Without Words" before I could talk.
Before I could spell I could read the score,
And play the notes on the lines all four.
The people cried, as they called for more,
"Oh, he is a prodigy!"—*Chorus.*

GECKO. He's Svengali, the Musical Jew,
Vergessen sie nicht, I'm in it too,
The day will come when we'll make our pile,
And dressed in our furs we'll ride in style.
Paderewski and Von Bulow,
Little d'Albert, and Rubenstein too,
They cuts no ice where you sees us too,
Oh, we was a prodigy!—*Chorus.*

SVENGALI. When I shall play to the crowded house,
Every one will be still as a mouse ;
Down their backs I will send cold chills,
With arpeggios, octaves, and runs, and trills,
I'll look at the girls with a smile so sweet,
All their hearts in their bosoms will beat.
Oh, all the ladies will be at my feet—
Svengali, the prodigy!—*Chorus.*

SVENGALI. Now, my friends, with your daubing sticks!
What are you doing? What pretty tricks
Do you make with your paints which smell so vile?
O Gott in Himmel! That angel smile
Of lovely Trilby!—You pig brutes, you three,
Make that, if you can, or listen to me
While I drown your daubs with a music rare,
Which fills all rivals with despair!

THE LAIRD. You miserable, lantern-jawed old Jew,
Let Gecko fiddle, and you play too!

(SVENGALI goes to the piano and GECKO follows.)

GECKO. When you hear him play, you will shed hot tears.
It sounds like the music of all the spheres!
Not those cannon-balls in Music Hall,
Which the banker-artist once let fall
With an aim that pierced to the very heart
Mediæval, ancient and modern art—

SVENGALI (*interrupting*). You listen now, Gecko! These
Engländer fools

Don't know what is music, the cold-blooded bulls!

(SVENGALI *plays solo on piano*, GECKO *admiring him*. *The Englishmen cry "Bravo!" and applaud, and SVENGALI cries out "Pig brutes, cold-blooded bulls," etc. After they finish, SVENGALI and GECKO admire each other and themselves in a fine frenzy, and the three artists leave their easels and come down in front and sing.*)

(*Air: "The Bull-dog and the Bull-frog."*)

TAFFY. O, the glory that was Greece!

THE LAIRD. And the grandeur that was Rome!

TAFFY. If a man would live in peace,

THE LAIRD. He must live away from home.

TAFFY. If he's never crossed the sea, he might just as
well be dead!

THE LAIRD. O, look at me!

BILLEE. And me!

TAFFY. And me!

ALL. And remember what we've said,

O, don't you know,—it's mighty queer,—

In Buffalo, 'way over here.

If a man's not been abroad he might just as
well be dead!

I asked a beau, who ought to know, and that
is what he said!

TAFFY. O, the Glory that was Greece!

THE LAIRD. And the Grandeur that was Rome!

TAFFY. We will bet a pound apiece

THE LAIRD. They cannot be matched at home!

TAFFY. There is Rome, N. Y., 'tis true, but I fear that
 will not do,

THE LAIRD. And what's the use of Syracuse, except to
 travel through?

ALL. O, don't you know,—it's mighty queer,—
 In Buffalo, 'way over here,
 If a man's not been abroad, etc.

TAFFY. O, the Glory that was Greece!

THE LAIRD. And the Grandeur that was Rome!

TAFFY. If our wealth would but increase

THE LAIRD. We would never live at home!

TAFFY. To a well-developed dude all America gives pain.

THE LAIRD. If you give us an encore, we will sing this verse
 again.

TRILBY (*outside*). Milk below!

ALL. What's that we hear?

TRILBY. Milk below!

ALL. Come in, my dear!
 If a man's not been abroad, etc.

TAFFY. O, the Glory that was Greece!

THE LAIRD. And the Grandeur that was Rome!

TAFFY. This song has got to cease,

THE LAIRD. So that Trilby dear can come.

TAFFY. We're obliged for the encore. Our hint was
 not in vain

THE LAIRD. But we don't want any more, and we *will not*
 sing again.

TRILBY (*outside*). Milk below.

ALL. What's that we hear?

TRILBY. Milk below!

ALL. Come in my dear!
 If a man's not been abroad, etc.

(*Enter TRILBY's foot, as far as the knee, through door at back of stage.*

TAFFY, THE LAIRD, LITTLE BILLEE, SVENGALI, and GECKO *kneel*
in a semi-circle around it and sing an ode.

(*Air*: "Integer Vitae.")

ALL. Vision supernal, down we bow before thee !
With joy internal, prostrate we adore thee !
May no infernal chilblains e'er come o'er thee,
Hail foot of Trilby !

Fit for a statue, white as alabaster !
Here's wishing that you never know disaster !
Guard, O ye gods above ! from touch of a corn plaster
This foot of Trilby !

O, foot of Trilby, have you not a brother ?
Surely there will be presently another !
Show us, O show us, if you please, the other !
Hail foot of Trilby !

(*All rise. Enter TRILBY.*)

TRILBY. "Ye're all English, now aren't ye? I heard the music and thought I'd just come in for a bit and pass the time of day; you don't mind?" And if you do, I don't, see? Now, go on with the music and don't you mind me !

(*TAFFY, THE LAIRD, and LITTLE BILLEE each take a chair and offer it to TRILBY.*)

TRILBY. What, all of those chairs for only me?
You will have to divide me up in three.

SVENGALI (*aside*). I'll try it, parbleu, that throat is meant
To play on like finest instrument !

TRILBY. I can sing "Ben Bolt," if you want me to.

TAFFY. So kind !

THE LAIRD. How nice !

GECKO. Lieber Gott !

BILLEE. Please do !

(*Air*: "Ben Bolt.")

TRILBY. Oh, don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown ?

*At first she sings forgetfully, off the key
& wrong notes. Then Suvengali hypnotizes her, and
she sings
cautiously.*

In the old churchyard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,

In a corner obscure and alone,

They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,

And Sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,

Which stood at the foot of the hill,

Together we've laid in the noonday shade

And listened to Appleton's mill.

The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,

The rafters have tumbled in,

And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze

Has followed the olden din.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,

With master so cruel and grim,

And the shaded nook in the running brook,

Where the children went to swim?

Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,

The spring of the brook is dry,

And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,

There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,

They have changed from the old to the new,

I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth

There never was change in you.

Twelve months, twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,

Since first we were friends,—yet I hail

Thy presence a blessing, thy presence a truth,

Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.

(Exit GECKO; TRILBY sits on model throne.)

BILLEE. Trilby, I want to ask you some serious questions.

I have an idea, Trilby, that there are some little things lacking in your life, which are absolutely necessary to the complete and rounded character of Modern Woman. They are little things, but they *do* count in society! Now, answer me, Trilby. Do you belong to a Browning Club?

TRILBY (*sewing industriously*). Nope!

BILLEE. Do you run a Kindergarten or a Frivole Club, or get up Poster Exhibitions?

TRILBY (*sewing industriously*). Nope!

* * * * *

BILLEE. Do you go to three or four teas every afternoon and impair your digestion with ill-timed salad and cake and gallons of tea?

TRILBY (*sewing industriously*). Nope!

BILLEE. I will give you Dr. *Spockdon's* address, Trilby. You need medicine, your condition is alarming! I am sure your case is so odd that the Doctor will pump you out, and, as this cures everything, I have strong hopes that you won't be socially damned!

TRILBY. If I've got to go through all that, I don't want to be saved! I'll just be what I am—a model—with the most lovely foot. And I can sing—eh, Svengali?

(BILLEE gazes at her foot. SVENGALI comes up to her.)

SVENGALI. Ach, Himmel, Drilby, what a beautiful creature you are! No wonder you admire a great pianist like me! When I am making millions and am dressed in my furs and smoking the cigars of the Havanas, I will lay all at your lovely feet for a word from your beautiful mouth!

(*Air*: "Little Johnny Dugan.")

SVENGALI. Listen friends, I'll sing to you my preconceived solo.

BILLEE. Oh!

SVENGALI. 'Tis all about Miss Trilby's mouth, that wonder unexcelled!

BILLEE. It is!

SVENGALI. There is nothing like it anywhere, not even Buffalo's polo,

BILLEE. Really !

SVENGALI. And that's a wonder that few here have ever yet beheld.

BILLEE. No wonder !

SVENGALI. That mouth is like the Pantheon, pronounce it *pong-tay-ong*.

BILLEE. I can't !

SVENGALI. If you would have the proper accent in Paree to shine.

BILLEE. I couldn't !

SVENGALI. I tell you what, my little boy. My bien petit garcong !

BILLEE. Do tell !

SVENGALI. If my own weren't a treasure, then I would that mouth were mine !

BILLEE. Not mine !

SVENGALI. What a mouth that maiden has !

BILLEE. What a foot say, rather !

SVENGALI. Go 'way from me, don't bother !

BILLEE. Yes, her foot's the prize I say !

SVENGALI. Her foot can't hold a candle to't !

BILLEE. It can, if there's a handle to't.

SVENGALI. Think you her foot is in it ?

BILLEE. Yes, she puts it in alway !
Her mouth may be a treasure, Sven. You're surely judge of that.

SVENGALI. Surely !

BILLEE. But as for me, I love her foot. It's equal's ne'er been seen !

SVENGALI. What, ne'er ?

BILLEE. 'Tis like a lovely poem where "bat" always rhymes with "cat."

SVENGALI. Always !

BILLEE. And where the charming maid addressed is
always like a queen.

SVENGALI. Depends on the maid !

BILLEE. No other foot can in me make such thrills run up
and down.

SVENGALI. No other ?

BILLEE. Not even of that irate dad whose daughter once
I wooed.

SVENGALI. Which particular dad ?

BILLEE. That foot, there's nothing like it here in all this
great, big town !

SVENGALI. Not even the foot of Main Street ?

BILLEE. And p'raps the girls are glad of that. Fair
Tril, don't think me rude !

SVENGALI. Please don't !

What a mouth that maiden has, etc.

(Taffy, SVENGALI and BILLEE walk each other off the stage by elbows,
leaving TRILBY and THE LAIRD.)

THE LAIRD. I'm glad they're gone, and are not you ?

Three is a crowd and company's two.

I'm not as young as I was once,

As should be clear to any dunce.

Just what I am you soon shall see,

Voilà l'espayce de hom ker je swee !

(*Air*: "Patience.")

THE LAIRD. Oh, come now and listen to me,

I'm a "Cuss" when I get to Paree.

At home I'm a saint

And talk "goody" and paint,

That's l'espayce de hom ker je swee !

I go on a boat up the Seine,

And look not for pleasure in vain.

I dine out of doors

As a matter of course,

Sist ! Donnez moi de pain !

Un garçon si joli
 Il n'y a pas des flies sur me !
 At home I'm a saint,
 But in Paris I ain't,
 That's l'espayce de hom ker je swee !

TRILBY. Oh, Trilby is my name,
 And world-wide is my fame,
 Although Good Society
 Doubts my propriety,
 It likes me just the same !
 And you must strike my gait,
 If you would be *au fait*,
 For Puritan notions
 Like calomel potions,
 Are woefully out of date !
 Une jolie demoiselle,
 Oh, I'm the reigning belle !
 A trifle soubretty,
 With no etiquette,
 Popular demoiselle !

THE LAIRD. Conceive me, if you can,
 A partially French young man,
 A commy-voo, parly-voo,
 Fond of a naughty view,
 Scottish and French young man.

* * * * *

TRILBY. A Vassar College miss—
 I scorn the vulgar kiss !
 But of biosculation
 I know the equation,
 And last analysis !

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

(Exit THE LAIRD. Enter BILLY.)

(*Air: "Patience."*)

BILLEE. Prithee, pretty maiden, will you marry me?
Hey, pretty Trilby, tra-la-la-by Trilby.
I really am as perfect as any man can be,
O Trilby, Trilby O,
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Will you, will you, will you, etc.

(*Nineteen times in all, more and more earnestly, while Orchestra stops.*)

Nineteen times I've asked you, will you marry me?
Dear Trilby, Trilby O!

TRILBY. Gentle sir, you move me, but still I must decline.
Hey, little Billee, bully, bully Billee.

BILLEE. Then twenty times I ask you, say that you'll be mine,
O Trilby, Trilby O!

TRILBY. I cannot say you no, sir,
You may be my beau, sir!

BOTH. Dear { Billee, Billee, } O!
 { Trilby, Trilby, }

(*Exit BILLEE. Refrain by Orchestra. Enter THE LAIRD.*)

THE LAIRD. Prithee, bonnie lassie, will ye marry me?
Hey, pretty Trilby, tra-la-la-by Trilby,
I'm not as braw to look at, but just as good as he,
O Trilby, Trilby O!
O marry me, my bonnie,
We'll live on milk and honey,
Dear Trilby, Trilby O!

TRILBY. Gentle sir, I love you, and I will be thine,
Hey, jolly Sandy, sing a song o' Sandy.
Nobody but you can touch this heart of mine,

O Sandy, Sandy O !
You have won my heart, sir,
We cannot live apart, sir !

BOTH. Dear { Sandy, Sandy, } O !
 { Trilby, Trilby, }

(Exit THE LAIRD. Refrain by Orchestra. Enter TAFFY.)

TAFFY. Prithee, pretty maiden, will you marry me ?
Hey, pretty Trilby, tra-la-la-by Trilby.
Really, 'pon my honor, I'm the best of all the three.
O Trilby, Trilby O !
O marry me, my Trilby,
And happy then we will be,
Dear Trilby, Trilby O !

TRILBY. Gentle sir, I love you, and I cannot decline,
Hey, stick o' Taffy, such a stick o' Taffy !
You are as a sweetheart extra superfine,
Real sugar Taffy O !
You are good and true, sir,
And I will marry you, sir !

BOTH. Sweet { Taffy, Taffy, } O !
 { Trilby, Trilby, }

(Exit TAFFY. Refrain by Orchestra. Enter SVENGALI and GECKO.)

SVENGALI and GECKO. Harkee, pretty maiden, you will
marry me ?
Hey, pretty Trilby, tra-la-la-by Trilby,
I'm a real long-haired musician, and I hail from
Hungaree,
O Trilby, Trilby O !
Remember Paderewski,
Forget these English pesky,
Dear Trilby, Trilby O !

TRILBY. Gentle sirs, your songs have touched this heart of mine,

Hey for Svengali, Gecko and Svengali !
Deeply do I love you, and I will be thine,
O Svengali, Gecko,
I shall never falter,
But meet you at the altar.

ALL. Dear { Svengali, Gecko, } O !
 { Trilby, Trilby, }

(*Exeunt SVENGALI and GECKO.*)

(*Air: "Patience."*)

TRILBY. I hear the soft note of the echoing voice
Of an old, old love long dead.
It whispers my sorrowing heart, "Rejoice,
For the last sad tear is shed."
The pain that is all but a pleasure, I'll change
For the pleasure that's all but a pain,
And never, O never, my heart will range
From my five new loves again.

(*Air: "He's Going to Marry Yum-Yum."*)

TRILBY. For I'm going to marry them all, by Gawl !
You may call it frightful,
I think it's delightful,
It's nothing unseemly at all, at all,
You want to remember it's *me* !

For nobody's in it with me, by Gee !
I can Can-Can on Sunday,
And dear Mrs. Grundy
Will never say nothing to me, to me.
O, she's daft on the subject of *me* !

And as for the language I sling, by Jing !
The slang of the gutter,
Which I choose to utter,
Becomes the most properest thing, the thing.
Mrs. Sherwood will say it's *the thing* !

So I'm going to marry them all, by Gawl !
You may call it frightful,
I think it's delightful,
It's nothing unseemly at all, at all,
You want to remember it's *me* !

(Exit TRILBY. Enter the five men linked, dancing and singing.)

ALL. For she's going to marry us all, by Gawl !
It might look peculiar
For Hannah or Juliar,
In Trilby it's nothing at all, at all,
'In Trilby it's camarad' rie !

*(SVENGALI and GECKO go to piano, the two artists go to their easels.
BILLEE sits on model throne in an attitude showing that he is thinking
of TRILBY. Enter DODOR and ZOUZOU, Artists, Zouaves and the
Chorus.)*

SVENGALI. Meine Herrschaft, you are welcome to our humble
abode. We will make you merry on this night of the
Christmas. Our champagne and terrapin, I regret to say,
have not as yet come in from Delmonico, but we will
gladly serve you with the pork on roll from Gollwitzer,
and when you will sitzen yourselves, as many as we have
with chairs provided, we will drink the healths of Trilby,
and mein goot friend Gecko will, I'm sure, sing us a song.

(Air: "Private Tommy Atkins.")

GECKO. When I left my native land mein Mutter said—
Und der tears stand in her Augen as she spoke—
"Lieber Gecko, du needs never beg thy bread,
Since I've brought you up a Musikalisch Moke."

For I play upon the fiddle or the drum,
 Trombone or pfeif, whichever comes to hand,
 And whatever place you gone to—
 London, Lockport or Toronto,
 I was in it with mine kleine German Band.

Chorus.

Oh, as down the street I go and my Dudelsack I blow,
 The children all are shouting as they run to see the show.
 And I gets the pennies plenty, for I pleases old and young,
 When I plays them "Yankee Doodle" or the "Gott-
 dammerung."

(GECKO first sings chorus, then all sing while GECKO marches or dances
 and plays on his trombone.)

Thomas Leary * * sagt er meint I ought to get
 A license when upon die Strasse I play,
 Nun ich denke, when er kiekt 'twas better yet,
Amaley Wilcox pays me Geld to go away ;
 Der Pfeifer may not spiel gerad' in tune,
 And the musics what I plays may not be grand,
 But you knows that spring was coming when you hears
 the lustig drumming
 Und der tootle of mine kleine German Band !—*Chorus.*

Es war der alter Orpheus, so they say,
 Made the plants and trees behind him tanzen go,
 So I thinks when Mayor Jewett lets me play
 I vielleicht can make his free potatoes grow.
 When I spiels them "Rise up, Murphy" on my horn,
 Then you sees them stretch their necks above the sand,
 And I wins your approbation and I gets appropriation
 From der Council for mein kleine German Band.

Chorus.

Oh, as on my horn I blow, and those frei Kartoffel grow,
 The Polacks all are shouting as they run to get a show,

And the Dagoes, too, gets plenty, for they sprouts for old
and young,
When I plays them "Yankee Doodle" or the "Gotterdam-
merung."

DODOR. Gentlemen, that young man over there looks very
much cast down. What can be the trouble? Perhaps
he's been to a dinner dance. Let's cheer him up.

ZOUZOU. "'Av you seen my fahzer's old shoes?"

DODOR. "I 'av not seen your fahzer's ole shoes."

ZOUZOU. "'Av you seen my fahzer's ole 'at?"

DODOR. "I 'av not seen your fahzer's ole 'at."

ZOUZOU. Have you heard that a very rich man in Buffalo
has given a very large sum of money to the Charity
Organization Society?

DODOR. I have not heard that a very rich man in Buffalo
has given a very large sum of money to the Charity
Organization Society. *But he paid a good price for his box.*

*Is it true that it is dangerous for the fox when the
Genesee Valley Hunt is after him? No, it is not
I have you heard Tom Leary laugh? True etc. etc.*

ZOUZOU. Is there any reason why Billee should not sing a
hunting song?

DOROR. There is no reason why Billee should not sing a
hunting song.

(Air: "Hunting Song" from "Dorothy.")

BILLEE. In the valley just over the way,
They go hunting, so all the folks say,
And 'tis common report there is much more sport
For the fox than the hunters gay.
He wanders wherever he will,
Trotting gaily o'er valley and hill,
And he winks with his eye as the hounds run by
With never the sign of a kill.

Chorus.

And he winks with his eye as the hounds run by
With never the sign of a kill,
And 'tis common report there's much more sport
For the fox than the hunters gay.

Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho !

For he knows, does our wily friend,
That he never will meet with his end
From that pack of hounds, or those hunters, by zounds !
As their way over fences they wend.
What care hunters for such as poor he,
And the hounds in their innocent glee
Are much more intent on the redolent scent
Of the anise that weaned them, you see.

Chorus.

They 're much more intent on the redolent scent
Of the anise that weaned them, you see,
From that pack of hounds, or those hunters, by zounds !
As their way over fences they wend.

Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho !

TAFFY. So much for play, and now for work.
Trilby's the model, so do not shirk.
You'll seldom see a form so fair,
From the soles of her feet to her golden hair.
I know it is a question whether
She ought to pose for the altogether ;
But she's going to do it here this once,
So "Honi soit qui mal y pense" !
Ah, there she comes, this lovely form !
I hope the room is thoroughly warm.

(Enter TRILBY with stone pitcher on her shoulder. The artists prepare to sketch her. BILLIE enters, sees TRILBY, makes a gesture of horror and exit.)

*Wrapped
in a sheet.*

CHORUS. O dear, what can the matter be ?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
Billee must surely as mad as a hatter be,
Mad as a very March hare.
He promised to sketch for the great altogether,
We thought him as tough as a piece of sole-leather,
But he's bolted as if he were under the weather,
And skipped to—the devil knows where !

(*Exit TRILBY.*)

CHORUS. O dear, what can the matter be ?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
Trilby must surely as mad as a hatter be,
Stark staring mad, I declare.
She promised to sit for the great altogether,
In a costume composed of a smile and a feather,
But as we were getting our brushes together,
She skipped to—the devil knows where !

(*Exit CHORUS. Enter MRS. O'FERRALL.*)

MRS. O'F. Ah, here you are, the five of you ! Are you the
brave men who love my little Trilby ?

ALL. We are.

MRS. O'F. And are you all engaged to be married to her ?

ALL. We are.

MRS. O'F. And do you five expect to be my sons-in-law ?

ALL. We do.

MRS. O'F. And do you expect me to be mother-in-law to
you all ?

ALL. Well,—a—um—the fact is, we had not thought of that.

MRS. O'F. Would you, in order that you may maturely con-
sider this question, like to have me tell you about what
kind of a woman I am ?

ALL. We certainly should.

MRS. O'F. Well, I have had five husbands, and none of them survived over one year after marriage with me. They all committed suicide. I believe in the emancipation of woman. I believe men are our inferiors, and that they should do the household work, tend the baby, wash the dishes, and mend the clothes. I am for Woman's Rights, and when my sons-in-law come to live in my house they will find out who is Czar in about one hour and twenty minutes after their arrival, I *think*!

ALL. Really!

MRS. O'F. After this perfectly clear and frank explanation, do you still feel that you care to consummate your engagement with my dear little Trilby?

ALL. *We do not. The match is off!*

(The five men link and dance off, singing.)

ALL. For we never will marry at all, by Gawd!
This creature inhuman
Has soured us on woman,
Her sentiments fairly appal!
We don't want a mother-in-law!

MRS. O'F. I thought that medicine would work! This mother-in-law business is no joke—even in the newspapers. I guess, too, they don't know all there is to know about Trilby. They never heard the *Scribble* the *2nd* *Century Club* discuss her character. Now, she's a damsel with a past, she is, let me tell you!

(The CHORUS enter while she sings.)

(Air: "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back.")

MRS. O'F. When Trilby came to Paris she was just a simple maid,

And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
Of artist men and soldiers, she was mortally afraid,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

She never talked no "naughty," and she always said her prayers,

She sat upon the mashers, and rebuked their saucy stares,
And told them "Mind your business," when she met them anywhere,

And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

Chorus :

O shame ! Trilby ain't the same,

For when she left her mamma she was shy,
But alas and alack, she's come back,

With the whole of wicked Paris in her eye !

She never went to picnics, for she didn't think it right,

And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

She blushed when people told her that her feet were out of sight,

And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

She read no Sunday papers, she deplored their moral tone,

Nor went to Orpheus dances, nor yet to church alone,

Nor did the altogether (without her chaperone),

And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—*Chorus.*

But since she struck the city she has learned a thing or two,

And her golden hair is hanging down her back.

I think the deacons taught her, they're the ones that always do,

And her golden hair is hanging down her back.

For she goes to see "French Posters," she has lost her bashful ways,

The Saturn's shows don't phase her, and she takes in *risqué* plays,

She is singing "Johnny Dugan," and she wants to go to Shea's,

And her golden hair is hanging down her back.—*Chorus.*

(*Air :* "Toreador Song," from "Carmen.")

CHORUS. O, what a turmoil

What a dreadful plight !

Trilby is gone, Trilby forlorn,

Lovers five have all fled from her,

Fled from her sight !

A husband dear has she none,
Never maid so woe-begone,
Trilby all forlorn,
Trilby all forlorn,
She is gone !

Here are the bridegrooms,
Taffy and The Laird,
Here is Billee,
Dear, dear Billee—
Svengali and Gecko—none of these will wed,
Their courage now has fled ;
Trilby's ma has talked to them,
She has scared them blue,
She has scared them blue,
That is true !

(TRILBY comes suddenly in at back.)

TRILBY. Where are my lovers,
Where can they be ?
Five had I once,
All engaged to me.
Safety sought I in their number, and I thought
If only one shall be true,
Surely one's enough for me,
I shall happy be,
I shall happy be,
One will do !

ALL. Where are her lovers,
Where can they be ?
Five had she once,
All engaged to she.
Safety sought she in their number and she thought
If only one shall be true,
Surely one's enough for me,
I shall happy be,
I shall happy be,
One will do !

ACT II.

SCENE—HALL OF THE BASHIBAZOUCKS, PARIS.

OPENING CHORUS, MARCH AND BALLET.

(*Air*: "Beau Ideal March"—Sousa.)

Grisettes are we, students we,
Who crack our jokes,
Disdaining modes, and rules, and codes
Of all other folks.
And what we drink,
And what we think,
Don't concern
Anybody, anybody,
We don't give a dern !

We came to see dear Billee,
With Trilby wed,
But her ma with her jaw
Knocked that on the head !
Yet we still
With a will
Wish them joy.
Vive la Trilby ! Vive le Billee !
Bully Billy boy !

(*Enter SVENGALI*)

SVENGALI. I cannot sing myself, that's very true.
But I can teach, and other things I do
More wonderful. If I should play upon this pipe
Then all the gods would think the time was ripe

To worship me ! Sacre-bleu ! That nauseating ballet
Has turned the stomach even of Svengali !
And if I had a sou with which to pay,
I should a little *absinthe* put away.
For *absinthe*, all men know, makes hearts grow fonder,
Then on my mounting greatness I would ponder.
But O those water dogs ! Those English three !
I could not get a franc,—Ha, ha ! He, he !
The crazy fish ! It makes me laugh to cry
To think of what I saw when I did try
To borrow of them—Ah, what full big tubs !
And with what sponges, soap, and mighty rubs,
They polish off their skins so white,
And puff and blow with all their main and might !
They say they clean themselves ; for what I'd like to
know ?
And then I met the Trilby doing so.

(*Rubs his forehead.*)

And I, even I, have made the pain to go !
So she was happy, and with that mouth so kind
She kissed Svengali's hand—I own her mind !
And I have taught to her *il bel canto*,
I found it in a dream, and by my power 'twill go
Deep down into the hearts that chance to hear
Her sing, and in all lands, from far and near,
Svengali's name shall sound, and gold will flow
In floods from Trilby's throat, *il bel canto ! il bel canto !*
See, here she comes ! It's very strange
She cannot sing a note. Yet mark the change
My singing through her makes ! And very soon
I'll show my power again, and all shall see
That Trilby smiles upon and loves Svengali !

(*Enter TRILBY. Enter also GECKO.*)

Come, Trilby, dear, I'll show these folks the way.

(To Leader of Orchestra.)

Just give us E flat there, fellow! Will you, pray?

And, lieber Gecko, thou must also help!

(To GECKO aside.)

Sing like a hellion, or I'll have your scalp!

(Air: "Un Mari Sage" from "La Belle Hélène.")

TRILBY. O Taffy cher!
Il est je swear,
The bravest homme
Je jamais saw!

GECKO. Er ist ein big
Verflüchter pig!
Ich wünsch Ich war
Sein mother-in-law!

TRILBY. The Laird aussi,
I truly suis
Dead gone sur lui,
O, n' êtes pas vous?

GECKO. You really bist
Verrückt, for Mist-
Er Sandy ist
A fool like Whist-
ler and er singt so bad wie du!

TRILBY. Et donc Billee,
The dear petit!
You bet votre vie
Il prend le cake!

GECKO. Shut up, mein Gott,
Verdammt rot,
O das ist what
Your lippen make!

TRILBY.	O, je puis sling Francais, by Jing ! Il est le thing I'm ambi-ling- ual, and a daisy—look at me !	GECKO.	O, Ich kann sling, Das Deutsch, by Jing ! Es ist das thing I'm ambi-ling-
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TRILBY. Du Maurier
Would trouve this play
Pas tout a fait
Comme his ouvrage !

GECKO. Das lied we sing
(Ein schönes thing)
Ist Offenbach's
"Un Mari Sage."

TRILBY. Le Ballet, too,
O, pensez-vous
Que it would do
En cher Paris ?

GECKO. Their figures sind
Vielleicht a hint
Mehr schlank und kind-
Isch than wir sind
Accustomed generally to see.

TRILBY. Chere Trilby, too,
Was (entre nous)
Pas absolu-
Ment like moi-meme !

GECKO. And Svengali
Sah nicht like he
Gerade aus
But all the same

TRILBY.	O, je puis sling Francais, by Jing ! Il est le thing I'm ambi-ling- ual, and a daisy—look at me !	GECKO.	O, Ich kann sling Das Deutsch, by Jing ! Es ist das thing I'm ambi-ling-
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SVENGALI. Ach, das war schön, and good gesungen, too,
When I work with you see what you can do !
Now if I could but hypnotize her quite,
The things I'd do would then be aus gesight !
First I must charm her, that's the only way
That Dr. *Phadman* does it, so they say.
Ach, Drilby liebchen, look upon my hands,
And yield your spirit to my soul's commands !

(Makes passes, etc.)

She nods. Ach Himmel! now indeed there's hope.
She speaks. Now listen.

TRILBY. Have you used Pears' Soap ?

SVENGALI. Verdamtes Dummheit ! More of Taffy's bosh,
These English think of nothing but their wash.
And soap—what's that ! That sticky stuff that
smells ?

If I used any I would get *Ju. Belle*
His is no dude concoction made for Peers to buy,
The soap I want must be three-quarters *lye*.
I must be wilier, we must have a song,
I find that music helps this thing along.

(Air : "Dors ma Mignonne." Music by M. E. Robinson.)

Sleep, Trilby, sleep,
Thy father watches the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee,
Sleep, Trilby, sleep !

Sleep, Trilby, sleep,
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess,
Sleep, Trilby, sleep !

At last she sleeps, I have her in my power.
 I'll make her play clairvoyant for an hour.
 She'll give us much I'm sure we want to know
 About what's coming here in Buffalo.
 Du liebes Drilbchen, will you be so kind
 As tell these people what is in your mind ?

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

(TRILBY foretells the future with local references. She then makes pantomime and waves her hands and spirits appear. Shadow Dance, in which TRILBY and SVENGALI join and exeunt. Enter BILLEE.)

(Air: "The Mill.")

BILLEE. My heart once light and happy
 Has turned to weight of lead,
 The love I had in plenty
 For all my friends, is dead.

And since I'm melancholy
 And sad as sad can be,
 I come where all is jolly,
 To wicked, gay Paree.

E'en Alice cannot cheer me,
 Though long and hard she's tried.
 Still after me she's running
 In vain I try to hide.

Shall I at length yield to her,
 And change for worse my woe ?
 Shall I get dull and married ?
 Not if I know it. No !

(BILLEE goes up the stage. Enter SWEET ALICE in Quaker dress and her father as a sanctimonious clergyman.)

ALICE. Now, Pa dear, hold my hand please very tight,
I'm really in a very dreadful plight.
Your little pet is such a timid thing
It makes her almost shudder when you bring
Her to this place. You've said to me before
That theatres young maidens should abhor.
Now, tell me, father dear, have you perchance
E'er looked upon a wicked ballet dance?
Of course I know you'd try to get away,
But p'raps it happened that you *had* to stay.

FATHER. Alice, my love, a life of sacrifice
Has been my aim. To study, to be wise,
To learn the ways of men and women too,
So I could teach them what they should *not* do.
And in a weary round of study such as this
I do not think there's much that I have missed!
Plays wise and otherwise, the opera too,
Balls, dances, prize-fights—and I think it's true
That one small ballet came within my sight,
As well as billiards, cards, and one dog fight.
And for such toils as this I ask your pity,
Just samples of the snares of this great city.

(BILLEE turns and sees them. He tries to escape. ALICE, however, sees him
and brings him down.)

(Air: "Billy Boy.")

ALICE. O, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
O, where have you been, charming Billy?

BILLEE. I have been to seek a wife,
She's the joy of my life,
But she's young and she cannot leave her mother.

ALICE. Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy?

BILLEE. No, she cannot make a pie,
But there's poetry in her eye,
And her beauty is more rare than any other.

ALICE. Can she bake and can she spin, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Can she bake and can she spin, charming Billy ?

BILLEE. No, she cannot bake or spin,
But the dimple in her chin
Is so sweet that you long for another.

ALICE. Can she make a feather bed, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,
Can she make a feather bed, charming Billy ?

BILLEE. No, she cannot make a bed,
And alas, she will not wed,
She's a young thing, too young to leave her mother.

(ALICE's father joins them.)

(Air : " Reuben and Cynthia ")

FATHER. Alice, Alice, I'm a thinking
We are on a wild-goose chase.
Little Billee's slipping from us,
'Tis, I fear, a desperate case.

ALICE. Father, father, I'm a thinking
You are right, but just the same,
We would better still stick to it,
Perhaps at length the day he'll name.

FATHER. Alice, Alice, I'm a thinking
You've a brain that works right hard,
And as long as you keep going
You'll have Daddy for your pard.

ALICE. Thank you, father, you're a jewel,
I should be a grateful child,
That for me you'd waste your moments
In this city bad and wild.

FATHER. Alice, Alice, say no more, child,
True it is the city's vile,
But I'll sacrifice my feelings,
And stay on for quite a while.

ALICE. Excuse me, Pa dear, for I know it's wrong,
 But if perhaps you'd put it in a song
 It would not sound so bad. Now, please to sing
 About the things you've seen. I'm such a timid
 thing,
 I don't know what to ask. Don't be annoyed—
 Just tell me what I really should avoid.

FATHER. My child, my mission is young souls to teach,
 Also to put in practice what I preach.
 Much have I seen of bitterness and gall
 And for your sake a little I'll recall.
 But first, my dear, I ask you to confess
 What *you* have noted here of wickedness.

(*Air: "The Wickedest Thing." Music by M. E. Robinson.*)

ALICE. When we started for dear Paree
 I said that I now should see
 Those awful good folks you read of in books
 But seldom get chances to see.
 But since we have got here I said
 The good ones must surely be dead,
 For every young man that I meet has a plan
 For getting clandestinely wed.
 'Tis a scandalous thing, dear Pa,
 It ought to be stopped by law!
 'Tis the wickedest thing I ever have seen—
 But I want to see it again.

FATHER. The things you've observed, my dear,
 Are only too common I fear,
 As I learn every day in a casual way
 In taking my walks about here.
 Now I went to the Jardin Mabille
 My little flower basket to fill,
 But the daisies I found that grew on that ground
 Were of Cornwell's designing, ma fille.

O, the scandalous sights I saw,
They ought to be stopped by law !
'Tis the wickedest thing I ever have seen,—
But I want to see it again.

ALICE. Then I went to a Café Chantant,
I am sure you cannot call it wrong
That your girlie should go to an afternoon show
For a little cold tea and a song !
But the singers who sang, I am sure,
Spoke a French that could not have been pure,
For there wasn't a word of the things that I heard
That mamma had taught me before.
'Tis a scandalous thing, dear Pa !
It ought to be stopped by law !
'Tis the wickedest thing I ever have seen,—
But I want to see it again !

FATHER. I attended the Art Student's League,
I must say that it gave me fatigue,
For the artists who came got their principal fame
From their manner of dancing a jig.
All their pictures (called " Living " I think)
Had a color prevailingly pink.
At the sight of the lace I covered my face,
But I got through my fingers a blink,
And the scandalous sights I saw,
They ought to be stopped by law !
'Twas the wickedest thing I ever have seen,—
But I want to see it again !

(*They dance off the stage. Enter TAFFY and THE LAIRD.*)

THE LAIRD. Well, of all the luncheons I have lately been at,
that one was the most remarkable ! I never heard such
monotony of conversation in my life. The people near
me did nothing but talk about Buffalo and its great men
the whole evening. Have you ever heard of them ?

TAFFY. Yes, I've heard of them, but they are not to be spoken of in cold prose. If you want to hear about the Famous Men of Buffalo, I must give it to you in rhyme.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

(Enter BILLEE and CHORUS.)

(Air: "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.")

TAFFY. At all the big conventions which Democracy has had,
You have seen me in the mill, and I was not standing still,
With my Civil Service banner I have kept the Hunkers mad,
Though of late I've been sitting on a Hill—*Said B* -
Yes, of late I've been sitting on a Hill.

Chorus.

As I walk along the avenue, with my most distingué air,
You can hear the girls declare, "He must own all Delaware."
You can hear them sigh and wish to die, whene'er they
chance to cast their eye
On the man that makes the Bison City famous !

THE LAIRD. I'm just in from Mount Morris, where I went
to rest my brain,
For a genius must go slow, who has such a row to hoe,
But you'll soon see "Sparks fly Upward," when I get to work
again,
Though why I should keep on I—duna—t—know !
Just why I write at all I do not know.—*Chorus.*

BILLEE. When I left fair Harvard College, 'twas supposed
that school would close,
For 'twas thought that President E. couldn't run it
without me.
How the deuce it still keeps going is a thing that no one knows,
But don't ever say I said so—goodness me !
Please don't get me in the papers—gracious me !—Chorus.

TAFFY. I am a prodigy of business, statesman, joker rolled in one !

As a lumberman, by jink ! my keen methods make one blink !
When a bank needs a new President, I'm thought of—I alone !
But in politics I'm greatest, don't you think ?
Truly great as politician, I don't think !—*Chorus.*

THE LAIRD. I can run a big newspaper, but sometimes the pape runs me !

My ancestry is Scotch, my name shows that it is such.
The women soon will show us what a model sheet should be,
For as managers they claim to beat the Dutch.
Well, I'd like to see the ladies beat the Dutch !—*Chorus.*

BILLEE. I'm the pet of all highwaymen that one meets with in the street.

It's my size that they're stuck on ; you should see them knock me down !

Then with ladies I'm a favorite, the tallest that you meet,
I don't dance with any under six foot one ;
I am five foot four, my partner six foot one !—*Chorus.*

TAFFY. It's strange you know, what a craze you find in this town for singing, since my friend Watkin Mills was here. Now, at that dinner that I mentioned there were some young fellows who gave us some delightful music,—better than anything I ever heard in Boston ! I tried to bring them along with me, but they spoke of another engagement—some choir rehearsal, or something like that.

THE LAIRD. There they go up the street now ! Let's get them in !

(Enter SINGERS. After Song all exeunt. Enter SVENGALI and GECKO and take their places, and then enter TRILBY in full Prima Donna costume. TRILBY sings. Death of SVENGALI.

(*Air* : " Bohemian Girl.")

TRILBY. My heart bowed down by weight of woe
 On brighter hopes must brace ;
For Taffy's cold—The Laird also
 Gives me the marble face.
Svengali's quit—Billee, my beau,
 To other arms has flown ;
There's no man in the bloomin' show
 That I can call my own.

What other can the pain assuage
 That wrings my bleeding heart ?
At sight of any on this stage
 My tears unbidden start.
And as the audience I scan
 I want but one alone ;
* * * * you're the only man
 That Grief can call her own.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

FINAL CHORUS OF ALL CHARACTERS.

(*Air* : " Fencing Master.")

When Du Maurier painted Trilby fair,
 When her tale so sweet he told,
He little knew the fruit 'twould bear
 In the hearts still young, in the hearts grown old,
 Freeing all hearts from care.

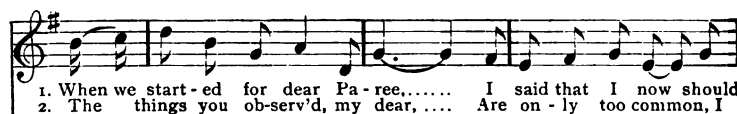
We have told Trilby's story again to-night,
For our charity's sake we plead,
And if it is pleasing in your sight
We have our reward, a reward indeed !
Making our work seem light.

Soon the curtain will fall, our play is done,
Let your verdict kindly be,.
So good-night to all, both old and young,
And in charity, in kind charity
Speed the cause for which we've sung !

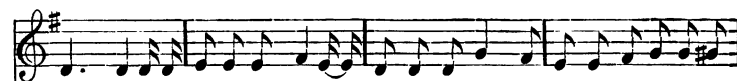
(Tableau and Curtain.)

The Wickedest Thing.

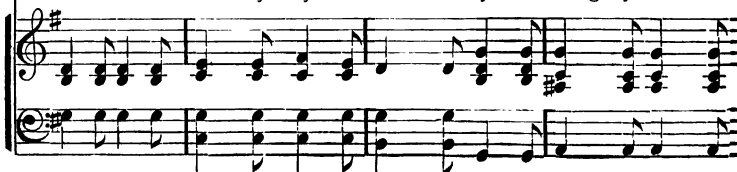
Introduction.



1. When we start-ed for dear Pa-ree..... I said that I now should
2. The things you ob-serv'd, my dear, Are on - ly too common, I



see.... Those awful good folks you read of in books, but seldom get chances to
fear... As I learn ev'ry day in a cas-u-al way In taking my walks about



see.... But since we have got here I said.... The good ones must surely be here... Now I went to the Jardin Ma-bille.... My lit-tle flow'r basket to

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring a series of chords and some moving lines. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, providing a harmonic foundation with mostly quarter and eighth notes.

dead..... For ev-'ry young man that I meet has a plan for fill..... But the dai-sies I found that grew on the ground Were of

This musical system continues the piece with three staves. The vocal line (top staff) has a melodic phrase that ends with a long note. The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) continues with chords and a steady bass line.

get-ting clan-des-tine-ly wed..... 'Tis a scan-dal-ous thing, dear Corn-well's de-sign-ing, ma fille..... Oh, the scan-dal-ous sights I

This is the final musical system on the page, consisting of three staves. The vocal line (top staff) concludes with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) provides the final harmonic support.

Pa..... It ought to be stopped by law.... 'Tis the wicked-est thing I
saw.... They ought to be stopped by law.... 'Tis the wicked-est thing I

ev - er have seen, But I want to see it a - gain....
ev - er have seen, But I want to see it a - gain....

3

Then I went to a Cafe Chantant;
I am sure you cannot call it wrong
That your girlie should go to an afternoon
show
For a little cold tea and a song.
But the singers who sang, I am sure,
Spoke a French that could not have
been pure,
For there wasn't a word of the things that
I heard
That mamma had taught me before.
'Tis a scandalous thing, dear pa,
It ought to be stopped by law;
'Tis the wickedest thing I ever have seen,
But I want to see it again.

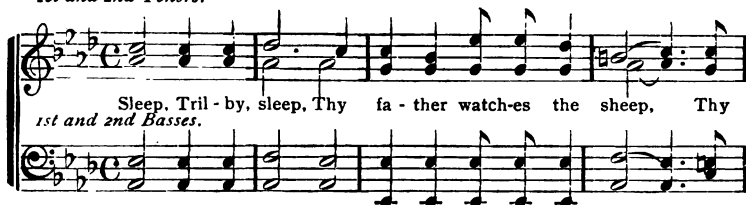
The Wickedest Thing.—3.

4

I attended the Art Students' League,
I must say that it gave me fatigue,
For the artists who came got their principal
fame
From their manner of dancing a jig.
All their pictures (called "living," I
think),
Had a color prevailingly pink;
At the sight of the lace I covered my face,
But I got through my fingers a blink.
And the scandalous sights I saw,
They ought to be stopped by law;
'Twas the wickedest thing I ever have
seen,
But I want to see it again.

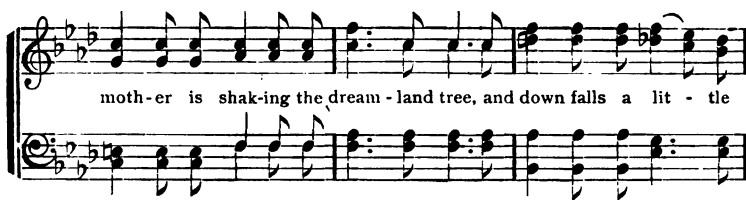
Sleep, Trilby, Sleep.

1st and 2nd Tenors.

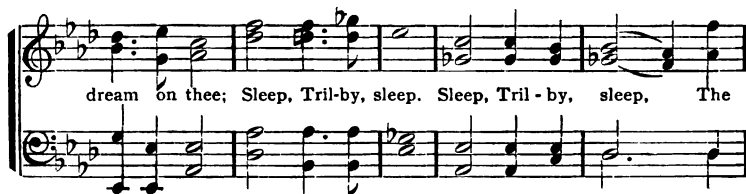


Sleep, Tril - by, sleep, Thy fa - ther watch-es the sheep, Thy

1st and 2nd Basses.



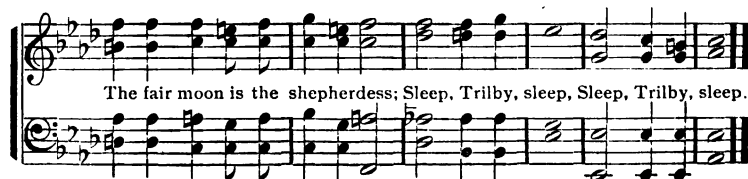
moth-er is shak-ing the dream - land tree, and down falls a lit - tle



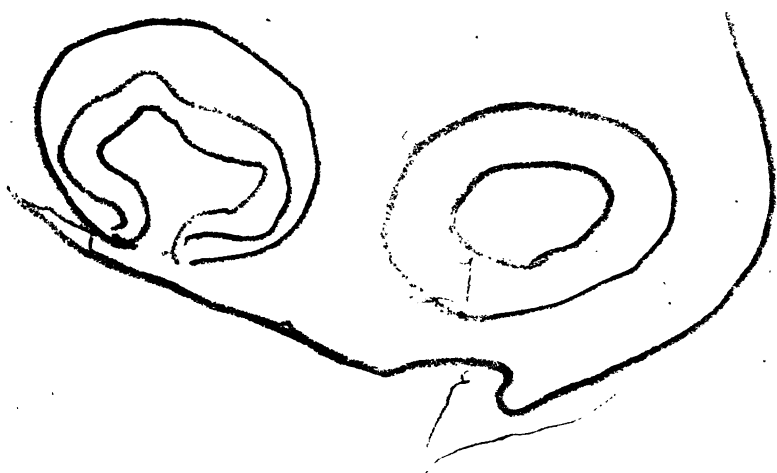
dream on thee; Sleep, Tril-by, sleep. Sleep, Tril - by, sleep, The



large stars are the sheep, The lit - tle stars are lambs, I guess,



The fair moon is the shepherdess; Sleep, Trilby, sleep, Sleep, Trilby, sleep.

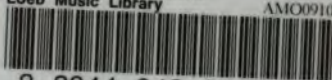


Mus 576 .587

Friby, an operatic burlesque.

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